

Chicago and Erie R. R.

(Late Chicago & Atlantic R'y.)

—In Connection with the—

Erie Railway

FORMS THE ONLY LINE

—BETWEEN—

Chicago and New York

Under One Management.

SOLID TRAINS.

The Through Trains of this Line between Chicago and New York are run solid, thus avoiding annoyance and confusion of changing cars or making connections.

Vestibule Limited Service

Vestibule Limited Trains, consisting of Baggage, Smoking and Day Coaches, with Pullman Dining and Sleeping Cars (heated by steam, lighted by gas), over this line.

Every Day in the Year.

Pullman Service to Boston.

A Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car to and from Boston daily via this route. This is the ONLY LINE running Pullman Cars between Chicago and Boston.

BUCKEYE ROUTE

To Columbus, Ohio, and Ashland, Ky. Pullman Sleeping Car between Chicago and above points daily.

Trains arrive and leave Dearborn Station, CHICAGO.

For further information, call on the nearest Railroad Ticket Agent, or address

W. O. Rineason, A. M. Tucker, D. I. Roberts, Gen. Pass. Agt., Gen. Mgr., A. G. P. Agt., New York, Cleveland, Chicago.

Santa Fe Route!

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.

The Popular Route to the Pacific Coast.

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers

Between Kansas City and SAN DIEGO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN FRANCISCO. Short Line Rates to PORTLAND, Oregon.

Double Daily Train Service Between Kansas City and PUEBLO, COLORADO SPRINGS, and DENVER. Short Line to SALT LAKE CITY.

The Direct Texas Route

Solid Trains Between Kansas City and Galveston. The Short Line Between Kansas City and Galveston, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Austin, Temple, San Antonio, Houston, and all Principal Points in Texas.

The Only Line Running Through the OKLAHOMA COUNTRY. The Only Direct Line to the Texas Pan Handle. For Maps and Time Tables and Information Regarding Rates and Routes Call on or Address

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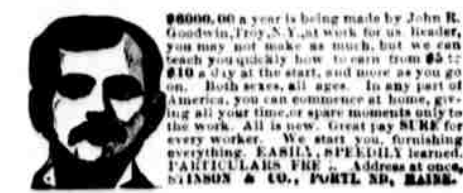
A 15 Cent Shave FOR 10 CENTS

—AT—

SAM WESTERFIELD'S,

BURR BLOCK.

Ladies Use Dr. Le Duc's Periodical Pills from Paris, France. That positively relieve suppressions, monthly derangements and irregularities caused by cold, weakness, shock, anemia, or general nervous debility. The large proportion of life to which ladies and nurses are liable is the direct result of a disordered or irregular menstruation. Suppressions continued result in blood poisoning and quick consumption. \$2 package or 3 for \$5. Sent direct on receipt of price. Sold in Lincoln by H. W. Brown, druggist.



Columbia National

BANK.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Capital, \$250,000

Officers and Directors:

John B. Wright, Pres. T. E. Sanders, V.-P. J. H. McClay, Cashier. A. S. Raymond, H. P. Lau, Thos. Cochran, E. H. Sizer, Chas. West, F. L. Sheldon. General Banking Business Transacted. Accounts Solicited.

Lincoln Floral Conservatory

Corner G and 17th Streets.



Out Flowers and Designs

For Weddings, Funerals, Parties, Receptions, Etc.

General Collection of Plants.

Visitors Always Welcome. City Orders by Telephone Promptly Filled.

W. S. SAWYER & CO.

Price List Free. Telephone 344

REMOVAL

Lincoln Shirt Factory

To 1402 O Street.

In its new location this establishment will have better facilities than ever for turning out first-class work, and an increased line of Gent's Furnishing Goods will always be on sale. To our business has been added a

LADIES' TAILORING DEPARTMENT

In which garments of all kinds will be made to order and anything from the smallest undergarment to the finest Dress or Cloak will be skillfully executed and made on short notice. In this department we employ one of the best cutters and fitters in the country and satisfaction is guaranteed in every particular. Our factory will hereafter be known as the

Lincoln Shirt Mfg. Co.

A. Katzenstein, Sr., Manager. Cor. 14th and O Sts.

SMALL & WALLACE Steam Laundry

SUPERIOR

Custom Work.

We are especially well prepared to laundry, Lace Curtains, Ladies Garments, Fine Fabrics Etc., having special methods for doing this work not only satisfactory in appearance, but without injury to garments as well.

Gentlemen's Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, and all kinds of Fine Starch work beautiful done up. Give us a trial.

Leading PHOTOGRAPHER!

Fine Rust Cabinets \$3 per dozen. Special rates to students. Call and see our work. Studio, 1214 O Street. Open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Sundays.

J. S. EATON, Physician and Surgeon

Office: 239 South Eleventh St.

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Office Phone 561. Residence Phone 562.

LINCOLN, NEB.

LINCOLN Business College

AND INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP. Shorthand and Typewriting, is the best and largest college in the West. 60 students in attendance last year. Students prepared for business in from 3 to 9 months. Experienced faculty. Personal instruction. Beautiful illustrated catalogue, college journals, and recitations of penmanship, sent free by addressing LILLIBRIDGE & ROOSE, Lincoln, Neb.

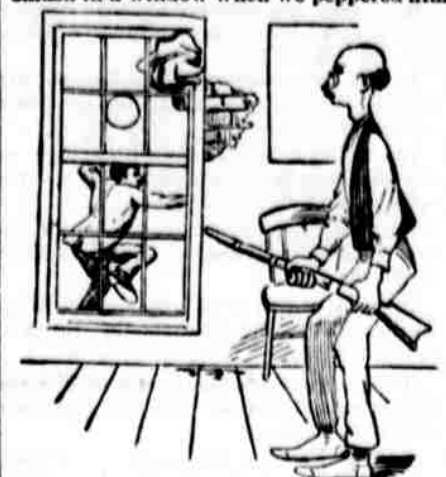
PROGRESSIVE EUCRE.

Send Postal Note to JOHN HARTMAN, C. T. & C. H. & P. R. R. Chicago, and receive, postage paid, the biggest deal of cards you ever handled. Ten Cents per pack, one or many.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some of the Annoyances Attendant Upon Journalism.

We DID IT.—Bill Burbanks, the male-whacker on the other side of the creek, is trying to make a great mystery of the fact that he got a dose of bird shot in this town the other evening. He says that some one certainly attempted to assassinate him as he was riding along Cheyenne street at midnight, and he thinks of offering a reward of \$200 for the arrest of the wretch. William is simply playing the public. He can't play us. We had just stretched out on our cot Thursday night, and the hour was about 12, when Bill came along on his old dromedary. We heard him cursing while he was yet a long ways off. When he reached the office he dismounted and hunted up a club, and was about to smash in a window when we peppered him



with a handful of fine shot kept on hand for such emergencies. We hardly believed any of them would get through the buckskin and dirt, but it seems they did, and he had to have a doctor pick them out. The best thing Bill can do is to keep shut. He attempted a smart trick and got left, and there isn't a man this side of Tombstone who would have cared if all the shot had gone clean through him and his dromedary too.

CALL HIM OFF.—If the so-called Major Skinner, who has loafed around this town for the last six months, has any friends who have his welfare at heart, they will call him off the perch. It seems the major has been laying his pipes for office, and that our article of two weeks ago, asking him where he stole his last cow, has somewhat clouded his prospects. He now threatens to shoot us on sight, and was seen at the postoffice yesterday with a big revolver belonging to Luke Higgins.

We regret these little annoyances, but if they must be met we are not the man to shrink from the task. Tomorrow afternoon, after our first form goes to press and we work off 200 auction bills, we shall strap on our gun and take a walk. If Major Skinner has departed from Tucson he may live to be a hundred years old; if he hasn't he will make No. 10 in our private graveyard. This is official, and comes right from headquarters.

POOR OLD MAN!—The wheezy, broken backed press owned by our esteemed contemporary fell to pieces the other day as he was getting ready to work his outside form, and as soon as we heard of the accident we tendered him the use of our car. He gratefully accepted, but alas! no act of kindness or generosity can change the leopard's spots! His circulation, while given as 3,550, is in reality only 250. He hadn't the manhood about him to bring along his 280 sheets of white paper and depend on our honor, but he hires a cart and drives up with two whole bundles, and then pretends he has run short. Two men were kept busy at work all day, and hundreds of sheets of paper were recklessly wasted, that the old hypocrite and falsifier might flatter himself that we were deceived. We don't like such men. We can't believe they are an ornament to a growing western town.

NO BOOM.—We understand that several real estate firms in this town have combined to get up a boom and make things jump. In fact, they offered us a half page ad. for this week, but we didn't take it. As an individual we might cheat a man from Omaha at poker, but as an editor we can't be hired to help swindle our subscribers. In order to offset the machinations of this syndicate we wish to say: We have got the rag end of one railroad here, and neither want nor will ever be able to get anything more.

Society is not cultivated. Such a thing as a toothbrush or a volume of poems found on a man here would hang him.

The land around the town is so poor that it takes nine feet of it over a dead mule to hold the carcass down.

It is not a trade center. We have the Digger Indian on three sides of us, and a large family of coyotes on the fourth. The climate wobbles all over creation, making the demand for buffalo skin overcoats and linen dusters about equal and mighty steady.

It is not a sanitarium for invalids. If the climate didn't kill 'em our doctors would. This is about all, but enough to put our subscribers on their guard and to clear our conscience if our advice is not taken. Now, gentlemen of the combination, go ahead with your boomlet!—M. Quad in New York World.

"Go!" No, this is not the story of a horse race. The monosyllabic that heads this chapter was hurled by the Marquis de Billeto at the head of his errand son and heir.

"Go!" repeated the proud father. "Let me never see your face again. Never again shall your foot cross this threshold. To think that one of your noble name and lineage should wed an obscure salesgirl! Get thee hence! As long as I live these ancestral halls shall never be darkened by your vile presence. Go starve—or steal, I care not which. You can bring no more disgrace upon our honored name than you have already done."

"Yes, I can, father," said the young man in a hard, metallic voice, which harmonized well with the steel glitter in his eye and his brazen front. "Either you forgive me or I go to work. You shall have five minutes in which to decide."

In four minutes the haughty nobleman had found his mind and in thirty seconds more had made it up.

"You have won," said he. "But little did I dream of the depths of depravity in your nature that you have today revealed."—Indianapolis Journal.

Educational Item. A gentleman who was visiting one of the public schools in a Texas town asked a bright looking boy:

"What profit is there in ancient history?" "About fifty cents, I reckon," was the reply.

"What?" "Well, the teacher makes us buy the books, and we have to pay a dollar. I think he gets them for fifty cents, according to my calculation."—Texas Siftings.

She Left Them.

A nervous woman was on board a Maine Central train the other day, on her way to Auburn. At every station she jumped up and asked, "Is this Auburn?" although the newsboy had assured her often that she should be notified when that place was reached.

At last the place was reached, the name of the station was called, and as it happened, the newsboy was near at hand. "Do I—do I—do I leave the cars here?" inquired the anxious passenger. "Yes, ma'am," answered the newsboy, "unless you wish to take them with you." The lady looked several volumes at him and slammed the door as she went out.—Lewiston Journal.

One Consolation.



"I may be 'yaller,' And covered with fleas, But my pants, thank the Lord, Don't bag at the knees."—Life.

He Knew His Business.

She came into a Woodward avenue grocery store and slipped her basket down on the lid of a sugar barrel with a crash.

"I got three pounds of lard here yesterday," she said, "and paid cash for it at credit prices."

"Yes, ma'am," stammered the clerk. "No, ma'am; we always make a discount for cash," he said in correction.

"Well, whatever you did," she went on, "I want to say it was short half a pound, and if it happens that way again I'll quit buying here."

By this time the proprietor had come forward, and he took the matter in charge. "Did you say half a pound short, madam?" he politely inquired.

"Of course, I did; are you deaf?" "No, madam, but I was up on the third floor, and the speaking tube from this floor has got a wad of nice fresh butter fast in it; butter is going up, you know."

"Is it?" she exclaimed. "Well, give me five pounds right away."

"As to the lard, madam," continued the suave and portly proprietor, as he noted down the order, "I am glad that it showed up so well. That lard is warranted to make pie crusts, biscuits, pastry and everything you put it in shorter to the quantity used than any lard ever put on the market, but I had no idea, madam, that it was equal to making its own weight short a half pound in every three. Really, madam, I'll gladly give you the extra half pound for your disinterested, unsolicited testimonial to its excellence. 'John'—to the clerk—'wrap up an extra half pound of lard and put it with the five pounds of butter for Mrs. Blank.' Anything else today, madam?"

And before she knew what she was doing she had run up a bill of ten dollars and left the store in good humor, with four or five pretty advertising cards for the children.—Detroit Free Press.

The Matter Explained.

Young Hankinson (making a call)—You have had that parrot a long time, Miss Laura?

Miss Laura—Yes, we have had him several years.

"Quite intelligent, is he not?" "Very. He can imitate almost anything."

"They have a remarkably clever parrot over at the Casterlins', Miss Laura. It can imitate the sound of a kiss to perfection. Is that among the accomplishments of our feathered friend here in the corner?"

(Indignantly): "No, sir. He does not attempt an imitation of a sound he is not accustomed to hear, Mr. Hankinson."

The Parrot—Wait, George, dear, till I take this bird out of the room.—Chicago Tribune.

Getting Out of It.

The little six-year-old daughter of a Buffalo lawyer extricated herself from a difficulty the other day with tact. She had just recovered from a long illness, and sat bolstered up in bed feebly counting her pennies. She decided that there were twenty-nine, and her papa gave her another to make the number thirty. Later her mother helped her to count them and they found thirty-one. The father then entered a protest and asked her to return his penny, as she had obtained it under false pretenses. She looked up in doubt from the little pile of pennies to her father and then said:

"I'does I can't give it back to you, for I can't tell which one you gave me."—Buffalo Enquirer.

My Lady's Hair.

It is not dark like raven night; Nor is it fair; Nor is it burnished with the light That bronzed the hair Of those fair Saxon maidens of old, Of whom the minstrel singers told And sung with sweet inspired flow So long ago!

It hath a sweet, hypnotic smell Of flowers rare, That wove about my brain a spell— This incensed snarl!

I worshipped—but the charm for me Has vanished. In a dream I see My lady's hair coiled tenderly Upon a chair! —C. G. Rogers in Detroit Free Press.

A Great Future Before This Boy.

Mr. Figg—What on earth is all that yelling about?

Tommy—It's me, paw. I am hollering like a locomotive. I'm the best hollerer in our crowd.

Mr. Figg—I see nothing to be proud of in that.

Tommy—But I do, paw. When us boys play cars with Johnnie Briggs's wagon, I got to sit in the wagon and yell, while the other boys do the pulling.—Indianapolis Journal.

Johnnie Wasn't Sorry. "I am truly sorry, Johnnie," said the friend of the family, meeting the little boy on the street, "to learn that your father's house was burned down yesterday. Was nothing saved?"

"Don't you waste no grief on me," replied Johnnie. "All of paw's old clothes were burned up in that fire, and maw can't make any of 'em over for me this time. I'm all right!"—Troy Press.

Covering It Up.

"You had boy, you have made a grease spot on the new sofa with your bread and butter," said Mrs. Fizzletope to her son Johnny.

"Never mind, ma, you can sit on it when there is company in the parlor."—Texas Siftings.

DO YOU WANT to reach steady and liberal purchasers in this part of the Country?

WE HAVE advertising space for sale at reasonable, not "cheap," rates.



H. W. BROWN DRUGGIST AND BOOKSELLER

The Choicest line of Perfumes. D. M. Ferry's Finest Flower and Garden Seeds.

127 South Eleventh Street.

SIDEWALK AND BUILDING

BRICK

—AND—

VITRIFIED PAVERS

J. A. BUCKSTAFF

Most Popular Resort in the City.

Odell's New Dining Hall,

S. J. ODELL, PROPRIETOR.

—O— 1528 O STREET. —O—

Meals 25 cts.

\$4.50 per Week.



Nebraska's Leading Hotel.

THE MURRAY

Cor. 13th and Harney Sts.,

OMAHA, NEB.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS

All Modern Improvements and

Conveniences.

B. SILLOWAY, Proprietor.

IRA HIGBY, Principal Clerk.

Burlington Route

THE DIRECT LINE TO

Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City,

And all points East and South.

Denver and the Pacific Coast,

ALSO TO

Deadwood, Lead City, the Celebrated Hot Springs of Dakota

And all points in the Black Hills.

THROUGH VESTIBULE TRAINS

DAILY BETWEEN

DENVER, OMAHA AND CHICAGO

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars.

Reclining Chair Cars, Seats Free.

Famous Burlington Dining Cars.

Bremen, Hamburg, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London, Havre,

Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Londonderry and all European Points.

CAN BEST BE REACHED BY THE

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

As it connects with all the popular lines of ocean steamships.

A. C. ZIEMER, City Pass. Agt., Lincoln.

J. FRANCIS, Gen. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.